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Wild Geese.

It is now March, and, if the spring sets in early, we shall, in the course of the month, doubtless see flocks of wild geese, and wild ducks, high in the air, and drawn out in harrow-shaped lines, making their way to the far regions of the north. These birds spend the winter in southern climates, and, as spring returns, they wend their way to the borders of the great lakes, and other shores of British America, and there, in the solitudes undisturbed by man, they lay their eggs, and hatch and rear their young. When winter approaches, they gather in flocks, and seek a southern clime.

This habit of migrating from north to south, and again from south to north, with the change of the seasons, is by no means confined to water-fowl. Most birds are migratory; and the instinct they display, in thus changing their abodes, has long excited the admiration of the naturalist.

Many attempts have been made to explain the conduct of birds, in their periodical migrations; but it seems that they are chiefly guided by an instinct, furnished by their Creator, and which answers all the purposes of chart and compass, so needed by the human voyager. Mr. Nuttall says, "Superficial observers,

substituting their own ideas for facts, are ready to conclude, and frequently assert, that the old and young, before leaving, assemble together for mutual departure. This may be true, in many instances; but, in as many more, a different arrangement obtains. The young, often instinctively vagrant, herd together in separate flocks previous to their departure, and, guided alone by the innate monition of nature, seek neither the aid nor the company of the old: consequently, in some countries, flocks of young of particular species are alone observed, and in others, far distant, we recognize the old. From parental aid, the juvenile company have obtained all that nature intended to bestow — existence and education; and they are now thrown upon the world, among their numerous companions, with no other necessary guide than self-preserving instinct. In Europe, it appears that these bands of the young always affect even a warmer climate than the old; the aëration of their blood not being yet complete, they are more sensible to the rigors of cold.

“The habitudes and extent of the migrations of birds admit of considerable variety. Some only fly before the inundating storms of winter, and return with the first dawn of spring; these do not leave the continent, and only migrate in quest of food, when it actually begins to fail. Among these may be named our common song sparrow, chipping sparrow, blue-bird, robin, pewee, cedar-bird, black-bird, meadow-lark, and many more. Others pass into warmer climates in the autumn, after rearing their young. Some are so given to wandering, that their choice of a country is only regulated by the resources which it offers for subsist-

ence; such are the pigeons, herons of several kinds, snipes, wild geese and ducks, the wandering albatross, and waxen chattering.

“The greater number of birds travel in the night; some species, however, proceed only by day, as the diurnal birds of prey, crows, pies, wrens, creepers, cross-bills, larks, blue-birds, swallows, and some others. Those which travel wholly in the night are the owls, butcher-birds, kingfishers, thrushes, flycatchers, night-hawks, whip-poor-wills, and also a great number of aquatic birds, whose motions are often principally nocturnal, except in the cold and desolate northern regions, where they usually retire to breed. Other birds are so powerfully impelled by this governing motive to migration, that they stop neither day nor night; such are the herons, motacillas, plovers, swans, cranes, wild geese, storks, &c.

“When untoward circumstances render haste necessary, certain kinds of birds, which ordinarily travel only in the night, continue their route during the day, and scarcely allow themselves time to eat: yet the singing birds, properly so called, never migrate by day, whatever may happen to them. Some birds, while engaged in their journey, still find means to live without halting; the swallow, while traversing the sea, pursues its insect prey; those who can subsist on fish, without any serious effort, feed as they pass or graze the surface of the deep. If the wren, the creeper, and the titmouse, rest for an instant on a tree, to snatch a hasty morsel, in the next they are on the wing, to fulfil their destination. However abundant may be the nourishment which presents itself to supply their

wants, in general birds of passage rarely remain more than two days together in a place.

"The cries of many birds, while engaged in their aerial voyage, are such as are only heard on this important occasion, and appear necessary for the direction of those which fly in assembled ranks.

"During these migrations, it has been observed that birds fly, ordinarily, in the higher regions of the air, except when fogs force them to seek a lower elevation. This habit is particularly prevalent with wild geese, storks, cranes, and herons, which often pass at such a height as to be scarcely distinguishable.

"We shall not here enter into any detailed description of the manner in which each species conducts its migration, but shall content ourselves with citing the single remarkable example of the motions of the cranes. Of all migrating birds, these appear to be endowed with the greatest share of foresight. They never undertake the journey alone: throughout a circle of several miles, they appear to communicate the intention of commencing their route.

"Several days previous to their departure, they call upon each other by a peculiar cry, as if giving warning to assemble at a central point: the favorable moment being at length arrived, they betake themselves to flight, and, in military style, fall into two lines, which, uniting at the summit, form an extended angle, with two equal sides. At the central point of the phalanx, the chief takes his station, to whom the whole troop, by their subordination, appear to have pledged their obedience. The commander has

not only the painful task of breaking the path through the air, but he has also the charge of watching for the common safety; to avoid the attacks of birds of prey; to range the two lines in a circle, at the approach of a tempest, in order to resist with more effect the squalls which menace the dispersion of the linear ranks; and, lastly, it is to their leader that the fatigued company look up to appoint the most convenient places for nourishment and repose. Still, important as is the station or function of the aerial director, its existence is but momentary.

"As soon as he feels sensible of fatigue, he cedes his place to the next in the file, and retires himself to its extremity. During the night, their flight is attended with considerable noise; the loud cries which we hear seem to be the marching orders of the chief, answered by the ranks who follow his commands. Wild geese, and several kinds of ducks, also make their aerial voyage nearly in the same manner as the cranes. The loud call of the passing geese, as they soar securely through the higher regions of the air, is familiar to all; but as an additional proof of their sagacity and caution, we may remark that, when fogs in the atmosphere render their flight necessarily low, they steal along in silence, as if aware of the danger to which their lower path now exposes them."

THE cocoa-tree supplies the Indians with bread, water, wine, vinegar, brandy, milk, oil, honey, sugar, needles, clothes, thread, cups, spoons, basins, baskets, paper, masts for ships, sails, cordage, nails, coverings for their houses, &c.



The Philosophical Showman.

CARSWELL HOUSE, in which I have now resided for upwards of seven years, is a prettily-situated mansion. It stands on the brow of a gentle declivity, and overlooks a wide extent of beautiful country. The view from our parlor windows, in the summer season, when the woods are green and the fields clothed with verdure, is delightful. It must be allowed, however, that it is rather dreary in winter. The house is somewhat solitary, and the snow lies deep and long about it. At about

a quarter of a mile from the house passes a cart-road, leading to a village about five miles distant.

It was on a wild, snowy day, in the month of January, that one of my youngsters, who was standing at a window looking at the drift which was whirling past in thick and blinding clouds, called my attention to the figure of a man on the road, who, though still struggling with the storm, seemed every moment to sink beneath its violence. He appeared unable to make any way against the suf-

focating drift; and this the less readily that he bore, as we could discern, a heavy burden on his back.

Seeing the man's distress, I despatched my gardener and footman to his assistance, desiring them to conduct him to the house, in which I meant he should remain until the storm had somewhat abated. In less than half an hour, the man was comfortably seated by the kitchen fire, and proved to be an itinerant showman. He was an Italian, and the burden which we had observed was his show-box. Grateful for the kindness shown him, — which kindness included, of course, the refreshments required by his condition, — the poor Italian sent up a respectful message to the dining-room, to the effect that he would be happy to exhibit his show to the younger members of the family, if they would so honor him. He was immediately requested to come up stairs, and to bring his show-box with him.

I was much struck with the man's appearance, on his entering the room, which he did with a remarkably graceful bow. His countenance had the swarthy hue of his country, and his dark eye all the fire and brilliancy that belong to the eyes of the children of the sunny south. But there was an expression of mildness and intelligence, in his countenance, not so often seen, and which at once attracted my attention.

Having placed his show-box — a tasteful thing, beautifully painted and gilt — in a proper situation, he withdrew the slides from the lenses, wiped them carefully, and placing himself at one end of the box, in order to work the *tableaux*, or pictures, he invited us, with a polite bow

and pleasant smile, to take our places at the sights, of which there were six.

Before drawing the cord which was to exhibit the first picture to us, the Italian made a short speech, in broken but intelligible English, the substance of which was, that his exhibition differed from all other exhibitions in the show-way; that there was little, in what he had, to gratify the eye as a mere spectacle, but a good deal, he hoped, to strike the imagination, and, perhaps, improve the mind; that, in short, it was a philosophical exhibition, the materials being taken from human life.

Having taken our places at the glasses, the Italian drew a cord, when there was presented to us the figure — picture, I presume it was, but admirably painted; so life-like, so finely relieved, that it seemed a beautiful statue — of a child, a lovely boy, of between three and four years of age. We all uttered an involuntary exclamation of delight, on beholding this fair child; his look was so innocent, so playful; his brow so open and sunny; the smile on his beauteous countenance so full of sweetness and childish simplicity!

"Is not that a lovely child?" said the Italian; "saw you ever such a picture of innocence? saw you ever human countenance so utterly free from all expression of evil, from all indications of the darker passions of human nature? Does he not seem, in truth, a very angel? You cannot believe it possible — nay, it surely *is* not possible — that so guileless and innocent a being should ever become a ruthless, cruel, bloodthirsty savage."

"No, no," we all exclaimed, "it *can* not be. It is impossible!"

At that instant, click went one of the cords of the show-box. The picture of the child disappeared, and what is called a battle-piece occupied its place. In the foreground, a body of cavalry was making desperate havoc amongst the remains of an army which had just been broken up, and put to flight. The leader of the charging party was himself employing his sabre with merciless activity, not scrupling to cut down even those who supplicated his mercy, or whose wounds disabled them from flight or resistance. His countenance manifested the excitement of the most violent passions.

"Have you ever seen *that* man before, my kind friends?" said the Italian, with a gentle but significant smile.

We all declared we had not.

"Ah! my good friends, but you have," said he. "That ruthless warrior is no other than the beautiful and innocent child, grown to man's estate, whom you, a little while since, so much admired."

Click again went the cord of the show-box, and a splendid pageant took the place of the battle-piece. The scene was the interior of a noble Gothic hall, hung with rich tapestry, and blazing with the light of a thousand wax candles, in silver sconces. In the centre of the hall was a long table, loaded with the most costly viands, in gold and silver vessels. At this table sat a multitude of persons, male and female, splendidly attired. At a small table, at the farther end of the hall, and raised upon a dais, sat a lordly-looking personage, arrayed in sumptuous robes, and wearing on his head a crown of gold, sparkling with precious stones. By his side sat a fair young lady, on whom all eyes seemed bent in wonder and ad-

miration, and on whom her lordly companion appeared gazing with inexpressible fondness. As became a creature of such surpassing loveliness, she, too, was magnificently attired, while behind and around her chair stood a crowd of attendants, ready to obey her slightest wish. It seemed, in truth, as if the air of heaven would not be permitted to breathe too rudely on that exquisite form.

We were all struck with admiration of this splendid scene, especially with the beauty and sumptuous attire of the young lady who sat beside the king, and now inquired who the former and latter were. The Italian told us that the king was Edward IV.; the lady who sat beside him, the celebrated Jane Shore. We were about to ask some other questions, when click again went the box, and a dreary, monotonous scene of frost-bound ponds and fields, and leafless trees, with a large city in the distance, which we subsequently learned was London, was presented to our view. In the foreground of the picture — which it made one cold and chilly to look at — was the figure of a miserable old woman, haggard and wrinkled with poverty and age, gathering sticks for firewood. Her clothes were in rags, and she seemed as if perishing with cold and hunger.

"Have you, my kind benefactors," said the Italian, "have you, think you, ever seen that miserable old woman before?"

We all declared we had not.

"Ah! wrong again," said the Italian, with one of his gentle and intelligent smiles. "You *have* seen her. What will you think, now, when I tell you that that starving, wretched, repulsive

old woman, who is searching the leafless hedges for withered sticks, wherewith to make a fire to warm her aged limbs, and the beauteous young lady whom you saw seated beside royalty, surrounded with all the pomp and adulation of a regal court, are one and the same person? It is so, and yet, extreme as is the transition, it is not the work of fancy; it is not the conception of an idle brain; it is an incident from real life. That miserable old woman is Jane Shore; and such, we all know, was her unhappy end."

Again the string was drawn; and now the interior of an apartment of moderate size, filled with company, all apparently dressed for the occasion, seemed to be the scene of some joyous revelry, every countenance beaming with mirth and glee. We could not, at first, make out any special purpose for this merry-making. But, at length, descriing a jolly-looking dame, who struck us, at once, as presenting what might be called the characteristics of a nurse, bearing about, with an air of triumph, a gayly-dressed and smiling babe in her arms, we made out that it was a christening. On a small brooch, or clasp, which united in front a broad band around the infant's waist, the artist had inscribed, in very small letters, "Edward Marston, aged three weeks."

Again the string was drawn, and another apartment, similar to the one described, was exhibited. But how differently occupied! It was filled with mourners, and on a table, in the centre, was a coffin. It was unclosed, and we could see that it contained the body of an old man. His ghastly, withered countenance, and

pinched features, were uncovered; and on the metal plate of the coffin lid, which lay close by, we read, "Edward Marston, aged 72 years." The figure we now contemplated was, then, the smiling cherub of the preceding picture. Where now were the members of that merry company, whom we saw assembled to welcome his admission within the pale of the church? One after another, they have all descended into the grave, and *he*, too, is now about to follow. His term of life has run out. It was a long one; but, at its close, it seemed to have passed almost as quickly as the transition of the two pictures.

"Now, my kind benefactors," said the Italian, "let us see what is doing in the mansion adjoining this house of mourning."

He drew the string, and a brilliantly-lighted apartment, filled with a gay assembly, presented itself. The centre of the floor was occupied by a crowd of light-footed dancers, and mirth and revelry held unrestrained dominion over the scene.

"It is the celebration of a marriage," said the Italian. "Look to the right, and you will see the bride and bridegroom, standing together. That is she, the fair young girl, in the white satin dress. See how beautiful she is; how elegant her form! That tall and graceful young man, on whose arm she so fondly leans, is her husband. How happy he looks! He has no thought for the future. His whole soul, his every sense, is wrapped up in the present; he dreams not that all this happiness and joy will speedily pass away."

And, at this instant, away, like thought, passed the joyous scene, and another took

its place. It was a fair garden; and on one of its rustic seats sat an old lady, dressed in the deepest mourning of widowhood. Her aged countenance was sad and melancholy; a long staff, with an ivory head, which stood beside her, showed that she could not walk without such aid. Around her sported three young children; on the golden head of one of whom rested one of her long, thin, withered, and palsied hands. She seemed as if blessing the child.

"Know ye who that feeble old woman is?" said the Italian.

"We guess," said we, for we now fully understood the nature and scope of his exhibition.

"Right," he replied, satisfied that we knew who she was. "That ancient dame, who cannot totter along without the support of a staff, is no other than the fair young bride of the preceding picture. Her husband, the gay and graceful youth, whom you saw by her side, has been long dead, and these bright-haired children, who are sporting around her, are her grandchildren. Thus goes the world on!"

Once more the string was drawn, and a splendid mansion presented itself to view. A little, ragged, shivering boy, who seemed to have been soliciting charity, was being rudely thrust from the door by a pompous, over-fed menial, who held a stick over him, in a threatening attitude. The Italian made us mark the little ragged boy well. We did so. He drew the string, and the same mansion was again presented to our sight. But it had undergone many changes. Additions had been made to it, here and there. Doors and win-

dows had been struck out, and other prominent features altered. The grounds around the building, too, had undergone a change; trees grew where there had been none before; and where there had, they had been cut down. Altogether, the painter — if picture it was — had so contrived it, that, on comparing the appearances of the mansion in the two paintings, a distinct impression was conveyed of the lapse of an interval of many years. A little way from the door of the house, in the picture we are now contemplating, a gentleman, seemingly the proprietor, was about to get into a carriage. An old mendicant on crutches, with hat in hand, his gray locks streaming in the wind, stood a little apart, as if in the act of imploring his charity. The appeal did not appear to be made in vain. The gentleman, with a look of great benevolence, was putting something into his hand.

The Italian now questioned us, as before. "Know ye," said he, "who that gentleman is, and who that poor old man is, who is soliciting and receiving charity? That gentleman, my kind friends, is the poor boy who was turned from the mansion thirty years since; and he who is now appealing to his benevolence is the same with him who drove him away. Such are the extraordinary changes which are constantly taking place in human affairs, often from heedlessness, or, perhaps, wilful extravagance on the one hand, and perseverance, with self-denial, on the other."

Here dinner being announced, we were forced to desist from further gratifying our curiosity with these pictures of life.

Chambers's Journal

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China.

THE external appearance of the Chinese is marked by peculiarities which have become familiar to us by the paintings on their porcelain. The leading characteristics are a broad, flat face, with a pointed chin, giving to the head the appearance of an inverted cone; high cheek bones; eyes small, distant from each other, and set in an oblique position, depressed toward the nose; large, broad ears; low, short, and broad nose; and black hair. In shape, they bear a great similarity to the Tartars.

National dress throws considerable light on the character and manners of

a people; and this is one of those secondary objects which the maxims of the Chinese have exalted into primary importance. From the earliest ages, the emperors have shown extreme solicitude, and placed much of their glory, in contriving the robes which might best adorn themselves and their functionaries; and a prime minister has been highly panegyricized for the skill with which he acted the part of royal tailor. Amid all the vicissitudes to which the government has been exposed, its zeal upon this point has never been relaxed. The vestments and head-dresses of officers of every rank,—their color and shape,—almost

every fold,—are immutably fixed by imperial statute; and a book, published by authority, contains representations of them, which must be faithfully adopted, under severe penalties. The attire of the non-official classes is also prescribed—so far, at least, as to prevent it from coinciding, in a single particular, with that of any of their rulers. Thus the same costume is worn from age to age, and there is no room for those capricious changes of fashion which delight emperors. The taste of the Chinese in dress is entirely opposite to ours. Almost every thing which we consider graceful is regarded by them as unbecoming. They wear long, loose, flowing robes, by which the person is entirely concealed and enveloped; while our tight garments, displaying the form of the body and limbs, are considered by them as contrary to every principle of dignity and decorum, and are classed among the abominations which justify the contempt they entertain for us.

The chief article of Chinese dress is a very long vest, or rather gown, which reaches to the feet, and is fastened by a girdle round the waist. It has very wide sleeves, which, when not tucked up, cover the hand, and serve instead of gloves. Over this is worn a surtout, which, among the military and the Tartars, is short; though, with the civil mandarin, it sweeps the ground. In public they always wear boots, which they hasten to put on when a visitor has entered the house; but these, being made of satin, without heels or tops, are, more properly, stockings, though the sole is defended by a thick cotton lining; and when they travel on horseback, strong leather is substituted. Instead of a hat, they use,

both at home and abroad, a bonnet or cap, the materials of which vary according to the season; and its ornaments are especially contrived to indicate the rank of the wearer. The hair is entirely shaved off, with the exception of one long lock behind, hanging downwards from the crown. No blame can be attached to the nation for this fantastic custom, which was tyrannically imposed upon them by their Tartar conquerors; and they waged a bloody, though fruitless war in defence of their ancient head-dress, which is said to have been much more graceful.

It is stated by Le Comte, who passed a long time in China, that the great men, although, when in public, they pique themselves so much on decorum, yet, in their houses, consult only ease and coolness, and reduce themselves almost to a state of nudity. The peasantry, in the southern provinces, also wear very little clothing; but this is excusable, from their poverty, and the necessity of laboring in a burning atmosphere. The people, on the whole, are better and more substantially clad than the other Orientals. They wear, generally, dark colors, particularly blue and black: white is their mourning suit; and yellow is strictly confined to the imperial house. But these dingy vestments, we are informed, lead to a disregard of cleanliness. The females, although kept in a state of rigid seclusion, devote a large portion of time to the embellishment of their persons. There is little distinction between their dress and that of the men. Their ideas of loveliness are peculiar, and often fantastic. They hold in the very highest estimation a delicate and slender form.

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This appears, above all things, in their endeavors to reduce the foot to a preternatural smallness—an effect produced by checking its growth in the natural direction. From the period of its birth, a tight shoe is worn by the female infant, by which the whole foot is cramped and deformed to such a degree, that, at the period of maturity, the whole fore-part appears as if amputated, while the remaining portion is swelled to an unnatural bulk. Mothers, who are careless in every other point relating to their daughters, exert great care in bandaging, and guarding against every attempt which the child might make to relieve herself from this painful pressure. These deformed feet are termed “the golden lilies;” and if a lady ever breaks through the prohibition of displaying her person, she presents her feet as the surest darts with which a lover’s heart can be assailed. They indicate, moreover, the rank of her who completely undergoes this mutilation; for it is not attempted at all by the laboring classes.

The Chinese architecture is entirely different from any European style of building, but has, nevertheless, certain proportions of its own, and a beauty peculiar to itself. The habitations of the emperor are real palaces, and announce, in a striking manner, the majesty and grandeur of the master who inhabits them. All the missionaries who had access to the inside of the imperial palace, at Pekin, agreed that, if each of its parts, taken separately, do not afford so much delight to the eye as some specimens of the grand architecture of Europe, the whole presents a sight superior to any thing which they had ever seen be-

fore. A great many buildings in China are of wood. One reason of this may be the dread of earthquakes. Besides, wood seems to be preferable, on account of the dampness of the southern provinces, and the excessive cold in the northern, which would render stone houses uncomfortable. Even at Pekin, where the rains are but of short duration, it is found necessary to cover the small marble staircases of the imperial palace with pieces of felt: the humidity of the air moistens and soaks into every thing. For the same reason, the houses are not built with a number of stories, as neither a second nor a third story would be habitable during the great heats of summer, nor the rigorous cold of winter. Though Pekin is situated in the northern part of the empire, the heat there, during the dog-days, is so intense, that the police obliges the shopkeepers and tradesmen to sleep in the open air, in the piazzas of their houses, lest they should be stifled by retiring into their inner apartments.

The habitations of people of rank, or of those in easy circumstances, generally consist of five large courts, enclosed with buildings on every side. They do not possess any exterior magnificence: the nature of the government would probably make it imprudent to make such an open display of wealth; while the residences of public men are usually official, held by each during his period of rule. The house is raised from the floor by a single story: the roof is of tile, turned up, and rounded at the extremities, so as to give it a resemblance to a Tartar tent—a form which, as Mr. Barrow observes, “stands confessed throughout all the Chinese dwellings!” Upon the roof, as well as upon

the walls, which, when not of wood, are commonly brick, some carving and painting are expended. The outer porch opens into a spacious and elegant hall, where strangers are received. Along each side are rows of pillars, of wood, but often valuable, and very richly painted and varnished. Generally speaking, however, less expense is lavished upon the mansion itself than upon its furniture. This, which, among other Asiatic nations, is singularly deficient, is, with the Chinese, rich and commodious. While the Hindoo and the Persian recline on carpets spread over the floor, the Chinese, like ourselves, use tables and chairs, often elaborately carved and exquisitely polished. From the roof are suspended those superb lanterns in which they so much delight, while adjoining cabinets are filled with precious collections of porcelain. Those who pique themselves on elegant taste adorn these and other parts of the house with shrubs, as well as with satin hangings, on which the maxims of their sages are inscribed in golden letters. There is an interior hall, also handsome, to receive intimate friends; and beyond it extend successive courts, from which branch off the private apartments, which are rather numerous than spacious; for as the practice of polygamy renders it necessary that great numbers should be accommodated under the same roof, all the inmates cannot have large rooms. Such small chambers were observed with surprise by the Dutch, especially in the imperial palace. In furnishing them, however, the Chinese display a great superiority over the other nations of the East. With the latter, the luxury of a bed is unknown or despised;

the richest individual throws himself on a sofa or mat spread on the floor, to taste the sweets of slumber. But the Chinese have beds similar to those of Europe, composed of wooden frames, richly carved, painted, and gilded, with curtains of white muslin beautifully flowered, or of a thin gauze, which, during the extreme heat, exclude tormenting insects. There are also dressing-tables, cabinets, and screens, of the most elegant structure, and brilliantly varnished.

The most remarkable structures in China are the lofty towers, rising by successive stages, of which there is at least one in about every large city, especially of the south, reared usually in commemoration of some great event. The most conspicuous is the porcelain tower of Nankin, which is ten stories in height: each story is adorned with a cornice and gallery, and covered with a roof of green tiles. On the top is a pinnacle in the shape of a pine-apple, surmounted by a golden ball. The form of the tower is octagonal, and the diameter is forty feet in the lower part, but diminishing at each story. The ground floor is cased with porcelain, and the upper part is of ornamental birch; but all the parts are so nicely joined as to make the exterior edifice seem one piece. From the extremities of the roofs bells are hung, which sound when swung by the wind.

The Chinese justify the assertion of Dr. Johnson, that there are few things of which a man thinks more seriously than of his *dinner*. With them the business of eating is an object of the most engrossing interest. Their usual salutation is not, "How do you do?" but,

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"Have you eaten your rice?" Nothing is said to discompose even an humble laborer more than to be interrupted at his meals. The animal food used in China consists chiefly of pork and ducks, as both swine and water-fowl can be reared without encroaching on the cultivated fields; and both are often seen in a dried state. Mutton and game appear only at the tables of the great, and are esteemed delicacies. Still higher importance is attached to certain fantastic luxuries, particularly soups made from the gelatinous substances of swallows' nests, sharks' fins, and sea-slugs, which are imported, in large quantities, from the East India islands. The lower ranks, in consequence of the scarcity of animals, are confined, in a great measure, to a vegetable diet. They do not, however, like the Hindoos, make a merit of necessity, but eagerly embrace every opportunity to gratify their carnivorous propensities with the flesh of dogs, cats, and other animals still more disgusting

TO BE CONTINUED.

Courteous Forbearance.

A GENTLEMAN in England, making a morning call upon a county member, of great taste and scrupulous courtesy, was accompanied into the library by a beautiful kid, which he found standing at the street door. During the conversation, the animal proceeded round the room, examining the different objects of art with ludicrous curiosity, till, coming to a small bronze statue, placed upon the floor, he made a butt at it, and knocked it over. The owner of the

house taking no notice, his visitor observed, "That kid is a special favorite, I perceive; how long have you had it?" "I had it?" exclaimed the virtuoso, in agony: "I thought it had been yours." "Mine!" said the gentleman, with no less astonishment; "it is not mine, I assure you;" whereupon they both rose, and, by summary process, ejected the intruder.



Santa Anna.

THIS individual has, for many years, been a leading character in Mexico. He has been commander of the armies and president of the republic. He led the Mexican troops against Texas in 1836, when he was defeated, and captured in the top of a tree. He was taken to Washington, and was finally set at liberty. He returned to Mexico, and lived, for a time, in retirement; but he was at length again made president. He is now at the head of an army, contending for supremacy, with powerful parties arrayed against him.



Benjamin Franklin.

THE history of this great man is very interesting, and very instructive, for it shows how a poor boy, by diligence, honesty, and good behavior, may grow up rich, useful, respected, and happy.

Franklin was born at Boston, on the 17th of January, 1706, and was the youngest but two of seventeen children. He was first apprenticed to a tallow-chandler; but he left this employment, and learned the trade of a printer. He established himself in Philadelphia for a time, and then he went to England, where he supported himself by his trade, and at the same time acquired a great deal of knowledge.

He returned to America, and set up the business of a printer. He devoted himself with great industry to his employment, and soon won the confidence of all around him. He became the publisher of a paper; and, as he had an excellent talent at writing, he composed for it

many interesting articles. Thus the paper acquired celebrity, and Franklin flourished.

While in the midst of business, he loved study, and not only learned the French language, but he made himself acquainted with history, science, and other matters. When the troubles with England were approaching, he was sent to that country as an agent for Pennsylvania, and he was afterwards intrusted with the concerns of other colonies. The business, thus confided to him, he managed with great ability and faithfulness, and thus the eyes of his countrymen were turned towards him, as one upon whom they could rely in the hour of trial.

Franklin returned to America, and filled many offices of high trust, and thus acquired the respect and love of every body. Nor was his whole time devoted to mere active business. The subject of electricity engaged his attention; and at last he set a kite flying during a

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thunder-storm, and, placing a key near the string by which it was held, he saw small sparks, like lightning, issuing from the key, and giving slight shocks to his hand. Thus he proved that lightning is produced by electricity.

This wonderful discovery gave Franklin great fame; and when he was afterwards sent to Europe, as ambassador of the United States, he received great honors. Once he was at the French court, and being dressed in plain, Quaker-like

clothes, some lady asked, "Who is that queer man?" "Hush! hush!" said the gentleman addressed; "that is Dr. Franklin, who bottles up thunder and lightning!"

Franklin lived to the age of 84, and he has left behind a name which is respected throughout the civilized world. His writings are numerous, and of a very useful kind; among them his Proverbs, uttered by Poor Richard, and his Life, by his own hand, are particularly valuable and interesting.

James Wallace.

"How far is it from here to the sun, Jim?" asked Harman Lee of his father's apprentice, James Wallace, in a tone of light raillery—intending, by his question, to obtain some reply that would elicit the boy's ignorance.

James Wallace, a boy of fourteen, turned his bright, intelligent eyes upon

the son of his master, and, after regarding him for a moment, replied, "I don't know, Harman: how far is it?"

There was something so honest and earnest in the tone of the boy, that, as much as Harman had felt disposed at first to sport with his ignorance, he could not refrain from giving him a true answer. Still, his contempt for the ignorant ap-

prentice was not to be concealed, and he replied, "Ninety-five millions of miles, you ignoramus." James did not retort, but, repeating over in his mind the distance named, fixed it indelibly upon his memory.

On the same evening, after he had finished his day's work, he obtained a small text-book on astronomy, which belonged to Harman Lee, and went up into his garret with a candle, and there, alone, attempted to dive into the mysteries of that sublime science. As he read, the earnestness of his attention fixed nearly every fact upon his mind. So intent was he, that he did not perceive the passage of time, and was only called back to a consciousness of where he was by the sinking of the wick of his candle into the melted mass of tallow that had filled the cup of his candlestick. In another moment he was in total darkness. The cry of the watchman had told him that the hours had flown until it was past ten o'clock.

Slowly undressing himself in his dark chamber, his mind recurring with a strong interest to what he had been reading, he lay down upon his hard bed, and reviewed the wonderful subject that had occupied his mind. At last he fell into a slumber filled with dreams of planets, moons, comets, and fixed stars.

On the next morning, the apprentice-boy resumed his place at the work-bench with a new feeling; and with this feeling was one of regret that he could not go to school as did his master's son.

"But I can study at night, when he is asleep," he said to himself.

Just then, Harman Lee came into the shop, and, approaching James, said, for

the purpose of teasing him, "How big round is the earth, Jim?"

"Twenty-five thousand miles," was the unhesitating answer.

Harman looked surprised for a moment, and then responded with a sneer,—for he was not a kind-hearted boy, but, on the contrary, was very selfish,—“O dear, how wonderful wise you are! And no doubt you can tell how many moons Jupiter has. Come, let's hear.”

"Jupiter has four moons," James answered, with something like exultation in his tone.

"And no doubt you can tell how many rings he has."

"Jupiter has no rings. Saturn has rings, and Jupiter belts," said James, in a decisive tone.

For a moment or two Harman was silent, with surprise and mortification, to think that his father's apprentice, whom he esteemed so far below him, should be possessed of knowledge equal to his. "I should like to know how long it is since you became so wonderful wise," Harman at length said, with a sneer.

"Not very long," James replied, calmly: "I have been reading one of your books of astronomy."

"Well, you're not going to have my books, mister, I can tell you. Any how, I should like to know what business you have to touch one of them. Let me catch you at it again, and see if I don't cuff you soundly. You'd better, a great deal, be minding your work."

"But I didn't neglect my work, Harman. I read at night, after I was done with my work; and I didn't hurt your book."

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you're not going to have my books, I can tell you : so do you just let 'em alone."

Poor James's heart sank in his bosom at this unexpected obstacle, so suddenly thrown in his way. He had no money of his own, to buy, and knew of no one from whom he could borrow the book that had, all at once, become necessary to his happiness. "Do, Harman," he said, appealingly, "lend me the book. I will take good care of it."

"No, I won't! and don't you dare to touch it," was the angry reply.

James Wallace knew well enough the selfish disposition of his master's son, older than he by two or three years, to be convinced that there was now little hope of his having the use of his books, except by stealth, and from that his natural open and honest principles revolted. All day he thought earnestly over the means whereby he should be able to obtain a book on astronomy, to quench the ardent thirst that had been created in his mind, and night came without any satisfactory answer being obtained to his earnest inquiries of his own thoughts.

He was learning the trade of a blind-maker. Having been an apprentice for two years, and being industrious and intelligent, he had acquired a readiness with tools, and much skill in some parts of his trade. While sitting alone, after his work for the day, his mind searching about for some means whereby he could get books, it occurred to him that he might, by working in the evening, earn some money, and with it buy such as he wanted. It finally occurred to him that, in passing a house near the shop, he frequently observed a pair of window-blinds, with faded hangings and soiled colors.

"Perhaps," said he to himself, "if I would do it cheap, they would let me paint, and put new hangings to, their blinds."

The thought was scarcely suggested, when he was on his feet, moving towards the street. In a few minutes he stood knocking at the door of the house, which was soon opened. "Well, my little man, what do you want?" was the kind salutation of the individual who answered the call.

James felt confused, and stammered out, "The hangings of your blinds are a good deal faded."

"That's a very true remark, my little man," was the reply made, in an encouraging tone.

"And they very much want painting."

"Also very true," said the man, with a good-humored smile, for he felt amused with the boy's earnest manner and novelty of speech.

"Wouldn't you like to have them painted, and new hangings put to them?" pursued James.

"I don't know. It would certainly improve them much."

"O, yes, sir; they would look just like new; and if you will let me do them, I will fix them up nice for you cheap."

"Will you, indeed? But what is your name, and where do you live?"

"My name is James Wallace, and I live with Mr. Lee, the blind-maker."

"Do you, indeed? Well, how much will you charge for painting them, and putting up new hangings?"

"I will do it for two dollars, sir. The hangings and tassels will cost me three quarters of a dollar, and the paint and varnish a quarter more; and it will take two or three evenings, besides getting up

very early in the morning to work for Mr. Lee, so that I may paint and varnish them when the sun shines."

"But will Mr. Lee let you do this?"

"I don't know, sir; but I will ask him."

"Very well, my little man; if Mr. Lee does not object, I am willing."

James ran back to the house, and found Mr. Lee standing in the door. Much to his delight, his request was granted. Four days from that time, he possessed a book of his own, and had half a dollar with which to buy some other volume, when he should have thoroughly mastered the contents of that. Every night found him poring over this book; and as soon as it was light enough in the morning to see, he was up, and reading.

Of course, there was much in the book that he did not understand, and many terms, the meaning of which was hidden from him. To aid him in this difficulty, he purchased a dictionary at a second-hand bookstore with his half dollar. By the help of this he acquired the information he wanted with more rapidity. But the more he read, the broader the unexplored mass of knowledge appeared to open before him. He was not discouraged, however, but steadily devoted every evening, and an hour every morning, to study; while all the day his mind was pondering over the things he had read, while his hands were diligently employed in the labor assigned him.

It occurred, just at this time, that a number of benevolent individuals established, in the town where James lived, one of those excellent institutions, an apprentices' library. To this he at once applied, and obtained the books he needed.

And thus, none dreaming of his devotion to the acquirement of knowledge, did the poor apprentice-boy lay the foundation of future eminence and usefulness. We cannot trace his course, step by step, through a long series of seven years, though it would afford many lessons of perseverance and triumph over almost insupportable difficulties. But at twenty-one he was master of his trade, and, what was more, had laid up a vast amount of general and scientific knowledge. He was well read in history; had thoroughly studied the science of astronomy, for which he ever retained a lively affection; was familiar with mathematical principles, and could readily solve the most difficult geometrical and algebraic problems; his geographical knowledge was minute, and to this he added tolerably correct information in regard to the manners and customs of different nations. To natural history he had also given much attention. But, with all his varied acquirements, James Wallace felt, on attaining the age of manhood, that he knew, comparatively, but little.

Let us now turn, for a few moments, to mark the progress of the young student in one of the best seminaries of his native city, and afterwards at college. Like too many tradesmen, whose honest industry and steady perseverance have gained them a competence, Mr. Lee felt indisposed to give his son a trade, or to subject him to the same restraints and discipline in youth to which he had been subjected. He felt ambitious for him, and determined to educate him for one of the learned professions. To this end, he sent him to school early, and provided for him the best instruction.

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The idea that he was to be a lawyer or a doctor soon took possession of the mind of Harman, and this caused him to feel contempt for other boys, who were merely designed for trades or store-keeping. As for James Wallace, he, as the poor, illiterate apprentice of his father, was most heartily despised, and never treated by Harman with the smallest degree of kind consideration.

At the age of eighteen, he was sent away to one of the eastern universities, and there remained, except during the semi-annual vacations, until he was twenty years of age, when he graduated, and came home with the honorable title of A. B. At this time, James Wallace was between seventeen and eighteen years of age, somewhat rough in his appearance, but with a sound mind in a sound body, although each day he regularly toiled at the work-bench, and as regularly returned to his books when evening released him from labor, and was up at the peep of dawn, to lay his first offering upon the shrine of learning. But all this devotion to the acquirement of knowledge won for him no sympathy, no honorable estimation, from his master's son. He despised these patient, persevering efforts, as much as he despised his condition as an apprentice to trade. But it was not many years before others began to perceive the contrast between them, although on the very day that James completed his term of apprenticeship, Harman was admitted to the bar.

The one completed his education, as far as general knowledge and a rigid discipline of the mind was concerned, when he left college. The other became more really the student as he passed the thresh-

old of manhood. James still continued to work at his trade, but not for so many hours each day as while he was an apprentice. He was a good and fast workman, and could readily earn all that he required for his support in six or eight hours of every twenty-four. Eight hours were regularly devoted to study. From some cause, he determined he would make law his profession. To the acquirement of a knowledge of legal matters, therefore, he bent all the energies of a well-disciplined, active, and comprehensive mind. Two years passed away in an untiring devotion to the studies he had assigned himself, and he then made application for admission to the bar.

Young Wallace passed his examinations with some applause, and the first case on which he was employed chanced to be one of great difficulty, which required all his skill. The lawyer on the opposite side was Harman Lee, who still entertained contempt for his father's apprentice.

The cause came on within a week, for all parties interested in the result were anxious for it to come to trial, and, therefore, no legal obstacles were thrown in the way.

There was a profound silence, and a marked attention and interest, when the young stranger arose in the court-room, to open the case. A smile of contempt, as he did so, curled the lip of Harman Lee; but Wallace saw it not. The prominent points of the case were presented, in plain but concise language, to the court; and a few remarks, bearing upon the merits, being made, the young lawyer took his seat, and gave room for the defence.

Harman Lee was instantly on his feet, and began referring to the points presented by "his very learned brother," in a flippant, contemptuous manner. There were those present who marked the light that kindled in the eye, and the flash that passed over his countenance, at the first contemptuous word and tone that were uttered by his antagonist at the bar. These soon gave place to attention and an air of conscious power. Once on his feet, with so flimsy a position to tear in tatters as that which his "learned brother" had presented, Lee seemed never to grow tired of the tearing process. Nearly an hour had passed away, when he resumed his seat, with a look of exultation, which was followed by a pitying smile when Wallace again slowly arose.

Ten minutes, however, had not passed, when that smile had changed to a look of surprise, mortification, and alarm, all blended into a single expression. The young lawyer's maiden speech showed him to be a man of calm, deep, systematic thought; well skilled in points of law and in authorities; and, more than all, a lawyer of practical and comprehensive views. When he sat down, no important point in the case had been left untouched, and none that had been touched required further elucidation.

Lee followed briefly, in a vain attempt to torture his language and break down his positions. But he felt that he was contending with weapons whose edges were turned at every blow. When he took his seat again, Wallace merely remarked that he was prepared, without further argument, to submit the case to the court.

The case was accordingly submitted,

and a decision unhesitatingly made in favor of the plaintiffs, or Wallace's clients.

From that hour, James Wallace took his true position. The despised apprentice became the able and profound lawyer, and was esteemed for real talent and moral worth, which, when combined, ever place their possessor on a strong footing. Ten years from that day, Wallace was elevated to the bench, while Lee, a second-rate lawyer, never rose above that position.

In the history of these two persons is seen the difference between simply receiving an education, as it is called, and being self-educated. This fact every student, and every humble apprentice with limited advantages, should bear in mind. It should infuse new life into the studies of one, and inspire the other with a determination to imbue his mind with knowledge. The education that a boy receives at colleges and seminaries does not make him a learned man. He only acquires there the rudiments of knowledge. Beyond these he must go. He must continue, *ever after*, a student, or others will leave him in the rear—others of humbler means and fewer opportunities—the apprentice of the mechanic, for instance, whose few hours of devotion to study, from a genuine love of learning, have given him a taste and a habit that remain with him in all after-time.

THE Chinese read in columns, from top to bottom of the page, and begin at the right-hand column. Hebrew and Arabic are also read from right to left.

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Barnacles.

THE sea, as well as the land, appears full of wonders, if we study the works of nature with care. Almost every one has seen slimy and moss-like masses adhering to pieces of timber and the bottoms of ships, in the water. These are found to be separate animals, the body of each enclosed in a shell; but they have long *peduncles*, or tendons, by which they attach themselves, in groups, to particular places. They are fond of situations in which there is a current, and here, dancing up and down, they seem to pass a luxurious existence. Such are the creatures called *barnacles*, and which most careless observers suppose to be only an inanimate cluster of sea-weed.

BLACK-LEAD pencil-cases are made from the wood of the juniper-tree.

Successful Wit.

WHEN Abbas the Great, of Persia, was hunting, early one morning, in the little town of Netheny, he met an uncommonly ugly man, at the sight of whom his horse started. Being nearly thrown off the animal, he called to his men, in a rage, to strike off the peasant's head. They therefore seized the poor man, and were on the point of executing him, when he prayed to be informed of his crime.

"Your crime," said the king, "is your unlucky countenance, which is the first object I saw this morning, and which had nearly caused me to fall from my horse." "Alas!" said the man, "by this reckoning, what term must I apply to your majesty's countenance, which was the first object my eyes met this morning, and which is to cause my death!" The king smiled at the reply, ordered the man to be released, and gave him a present, instead of taking off his head.

A FASHIONABLE lady being asked how she liked the dinner given at a distinguished poet's, her reply was, "The dinner was *splendid*, but my seat was so *promote* from the knick-knacks, that I could not *ratify* my appetite; and the pickled cherries had such a *defect* upon my head, that I had a *motion* to leave the table; but Mr. — gave me some hartshorn *resolved* in water, which *bereaved* me!"

THE saccharine principle is found in all vegetables that contain starch; but chiefly in the sugar-cane, maple, beet, potato, and carrot.



John Wesley.

THE Rev. John Wesley, founder of the religious sect called Methodists, was one of the most remarkable men of modern times; and his life is exceedingly interesting and instructive, as showing not only how much good a man can do, but what an immense amount of labor can be performed, by diligence and devotion, in a lifetime. We cannot give an extended account of Mr. Wesley's history, but we will endeavor to do something towards exciting an interest which may lead to further reading on the subject.

John Wesley was the son of an Episcopal clergyman of Epworth, England, and was born in 1703. He was of a family distinguished for talent; and two of his brothers, Charles and Samuel, were eminent men, the first as a Methodist preacher, and the latter as a musician.

John Wesley was educated for the church, and took orders as a priest in the Episcopal Church of England. While still a young man, and officiating at Oxford, he joined a society of pious young men attached to the university, who met often for prayer; gave all the money they could spare in charity; spent a great deal of their time in religious meditation and self-examination, and in visiting the sick and suffering. Such conduct, so different from the common course of the selfish and worldly mass around them, excited great ridicule, and drew upon them the titles of the Holy Club, the Bible Moths, the Bitter Bigots, the Methodists, &c.

Among these pious young men was George Whitefield, afterwards celebrated for his wonderful eloquence, and who shares with Wesley the honor of having

founded the Methodist sect. He paid several visits to America, and finally died at Newburyport, in Massachusetts, where his tomb may still be seen.

It has frequently happened that a name bestowed in scorn has become one of honorable renown, and so it happened now. The term *Methodist*, invented to ridicule Wesley and his associates, has been converted by those who first received the title into the designation of one of the most extended, efficient, and evangelical of the religious associations of Christendom.

About this time, General Oglethorpe was preparing to set out, with a large number of persons, to establish a colony in Georgia. John Wesley, having taken holy orders, joined Oglethorpe's expedition, in order to preach to the settlers and Indians, and accordingly arrived in the Savannah River in 1736. Here he remained but about a year, having been involved in troubles, it is said, by his friends, through the intrigues of the governor.

On his arrival in England, in 1738, he found that Methodism had already made great progress in London, Bristol, and other places, through the enthusiastic preaching of Whitefield. Wesley, however, joined the Moravians; and soon after, according to his own account, being at a meeting of that sect, in Aldersgate Street, he met with a spiritual change of heart. He now travelled in various parts of Germany, especially with a view to visit the Moravian churches there. Returning to England, he joined Whitefield, and from this time his labors were devoted to the extension and establishment of Methodism.

Whitefield had set the example of "field

preaching," hitherto unpractised. Immense crowds flocked to hear him, and Wesley now adopted the same course. Soon after, "lay preaching," that is, preaching or exhorting by persons not ordained, was sanctioned by Wesley; and thus the bonds, which had hitherto held him to the Church of England, were regarded as sundered. Soon after, he formally separated himself from the Moravians; and from this time to the end of his life, he may be considered as the head of the Methodists, as a distinct sect.

No man ever gave himself to any cause with more entire devotion than did Wesley to that of the new church, from this time forward. He wrote books; he travelled from place to place; he preached, he prayed, he exhorted, with a zeal, a fervor, which nothing could hinder or abate. His skill and wisdom seemed equal to his ardor. Not an hour, scarce a minute, could be abstracted from the cause on which he had set his heart. He rested nowhere; he almost constantly rode from forty to sixty miles a day on horseback; he read and wrote at every stopping-place; and generally preached from three to five times a day, often to assembled thousands.

Never was there a life of greater activity or devotion, and seldom has bodily power so wonderfully borne out the zeal and energy of the soul. Wesley continued his labors to the age of 87, when he died at London. His fame is sufficiently attested by the extent and character of the religion which he matured. His writings are numerous, among which, perhaps, the most interesting is a journal, or diary, which he kept for upwards of sixty years.



Puss Corrected.

O, NAUGHTY PUSS! — you must not play
And romp with dolly thus, I say;
You spoil her curls, and ruffles too,
And make her quite a fright — you do!

Shame, puss, to treat poor dolly so! —
The simple thing, that cannot sew,

And mend her clothes when they are torn,
Or run away when thus forlorn.

My mother tells me 'tis unkind
To treat the helpless thus — so mind!
If you repeat your tricks, old cat,
Your ears shall pay for't — that is flat!

Guy Fawkes; or, the Gunpowder Plot.

DURING the latter part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the Protestants having now gained the power in England, sought to turn the tables upon the Roman Catholics, and, by continual oppression, to extirpate their religion from the country. These were forbidden the use of the rites and ceremonies of their own faith, and were required to attend the Protestant church on the Sabbath, under a penalty of twenty pounds for every lunar month of delinquency. Every priest who said mass, and every one who

heard it, was liable to a fine of a hundred marks, and imprisonment for a year. Their ministers of religion were, in effect, proscribed and banished; and all persons assisting or receiving them were deemed guilty of a capital felony. It is true, these enactments were not literally enforced, yet they placed the whole body of Catholics at the mercy of the Protestant government, and deprived them of all legal protection — of personal and religious liberty.

The fact, that James I. was born of

Catholic parents, and had been baptized by a Catholic archbishop, had led the Catholics to hope for a revival of their liberties, upon his accession. But these were bitterly disappointed; for the king declared that he would fortify the laws against them, and that he had no idea of ever granting them toleration. Rendered hopeless, therefore, of obtaining relief, several desperate persons, of the Catholic faith, formed the scheme, in 1604, of blowing up the house of lords with gunpowder, at the opening of parliament; and while the king, the lords, and the commons, were there assembled, to destroy them all at a single blow.

The conceiver of this bloody scheme of vengeance was Robert Catesby, who had been several times imprisoned for violating the laws against the Catholics. He brought four or five persons into his scheme, among whom was Guy, or Guido Fawkes, who was a gentleman of good parentage and respectable family in Yorkshire. These persons bound themselves by a solemn oath of secrecy, and then heard mass and received the sacrament, in confirmation of their vow. Percy, one of the conspirators, hired a tenement near the parliament-house; and Fawkes, who, having served abroad in the army, was unknown in London, assumed the name of Johnson, and acted as Percy's servant.

In December, 1604, a mine was commenced in the cellar of an adjoining house, and seven men were occupied until Christmas eve, without suspicion. Being obstructed by a thick wall, they hired a cellar, conveniently situated for their purpose, where they deposited a large quantity of gunpowder by night. This was covered with iron bars, and the

tools they had used in mining, that the breach might be the greater when the explosion took place.

In May, 1605, the preparations were complete, and the conspirators agreed to separate. Catesby purchased horses, arms, and powder, to be used for the sake of their cause when the first blow was struck. As large sums of money were necessary, certain wealthy persons were now admitted to the plot, and sworn in.

As the day of the meeting of parliament approached, it was determined that Fawkes should fire the mine, with a slow match, which would allow him a quarter of an hour to escape. On Saturday, the 26th October, being at supper with some of his friends, Lord Monteagle received an anonymous note, warning him to leave London, as some terrible blow was threatened against parliament. This letter was shown to several lords of the council, and the conspirators became aware of the suspicions that were excited. Some of them left London; others concealed themselves in obscure lodgings. All held themselves ready to start, at a moment's warning, except Fawkes, who, with the extraordinary courage he had displayed throughout, took up his station in the cellar.

Three days of anxiety and suspense now passed, when, orders being given for a careful search, about twelve o'clock, on the night of the 4th of November, Fawkes was seized as he came out of the cellar. Matches and touchwood were found upon him, and a dark-lantern, with a lighted candle, stood behind the cellar-door. Under a mass of fagots there were no less than thirty-six casks of gunpowder.

Fawkes at once avowed his purpose; nor was his composure disturbed upon his examination before the king and council, which immediately followed. When asked by the king how he could enter upon so bloody a scheme, he replied that dangerous diseases required a desperate remedy.

Some of the conspirators now resorted to arms, with ~~any~~ followers as they could

collect. Catesby, Percy, and some others, were killed; the rest were taken. In January, 1606, eight of them were brought to trial at Westminster, and were found guilty. There is reason to believe that Fawkes was put to the torture, in order to obtain a full confession. They were all executed, and the day of the discovery of the gunpowder plot is still a holiday in England.



"Two of a Trade:" a Fable.

THERE are two animals, one called the skunk, and the other the polecat, both of which are famous for a very offensive smell. This is, indeed, their chief defence; for if any creature offends them, they take revenge by discharging upon it some of their abominable odor. In this respect they are like mean persons, who, when offended with any person, impute all sorts of evil thoughts and designs to him, thus trying to sink him to their own level.

But we have a fable to tell of a polecat and skunk, which is as follows:—

One of each of these creatures chanced to meet, and, as it is said "two of a trade can never agree," they seemed, at first sight, to feel a mutual dislike of one another. The skunk, in short, actually turned up his nose at the polecat, and the polecat turned up his nose at the skunk!

"What do you mean?" said the polecat.

"What do *you* mean?" said the skunk

"I mean," said the former, "that you use monstrous bad Cologne!"

"I may say the same of you," said the skunk.

"Of me!" said the indignant polecat; "of me—the sweetest quadruped in the forest? Me—me—me—you impudent, vile, rancid skunk!"

Thus the war was opened; and pretty soon the two began to use their appropriate weapons upon each other. How the battle ended I cannot say, for the air was too strong for me, and I came away. But I recommend my example to all my friends; and hereafter, when they see two mean creatures contending with each other, let them have the sport all to themselves.

A CHINESE PAINTER.—A Chinese, who was present at the martyrdom of a Christian missionary, was so struck with the firmness with which he died for his faith, that he himself became a Christian. He made his way to Europe, went to Rome, and studied painting. He became successful as an artist, and there is now in the church of St. Guillaume a fine picture by his hand, well designed, and strongly colored. The subject is "The Death of the Christian Missionary," to which he was a witness, and which changed his faith and his life.

CASES are said to have occurred in America of negroes becoming white, and after-generations becoming whiter.

THE Hindoos have the art of feigning death, so as to deceive able surgeons.



Otho, King of Greece.

ABOUT twenty years ago, the Greeks, who had been long held in bondage by the Turks, rose in rebellion, and fought bravely for their liberty. The war raged in valley and mountain, and many a city and village was laid in ashes. The poor Greeks—men, women, and children—were hunted like wild animals, and often saved themselves only by retreat to inaccessible cliffs and caverns. But the spirit of liberty at last triumphed, and the Turks were driven out of the country.

But a curious event now took place. In June, 1833, a young man, named Otho, son of the king of Bavaria, was agreed upon as the sovereign of Greece! He was not yet of age; but he went to his new kingdom, and, in 1838, being twenty-one, he was regularly acknowledged

and crowned as king. Since that time, Otho has been king of Greece; and though he has had some troubles to contend with, the country has since remained pretty quiet. The young king has occa-

sionally shown a disposition to usurp more power than belongs to him; but the Greeks seem to know their rights, and to be determined to maintain them.



The Little Wanderer.

"Come in, little wanderer; the weather is cold;
Thy feet are bare, and thy mantle is old:
Come in to the fire, and tell us thy tale,
And the sorrow that makes thy cheek so pale."

"My father is gone — he died long ago —
And my mother departed this world of woe;
'Tis a week since she left me alone — alone,
And since I have wandered unheeded, unknown."

"I asked them for shelter — but I might not
stay; [away;
I asked them for bread — but they drove me
Cold, hungry, and faint, to a corner I crept,
And the long, long night for my mother I wept

"I prayed I might die, and join her above —
For they told me she lived in that heaven of
love;

But my limbs would shake, and my heart
beat wild;
And I wander here — a poor, lost child."

"Peace — peace, my poor boy; come in at
the door;

Thy wanderings are done; thy sorrows are
o'er.

Both shelter and bread within thou shalt
find,

An end to thy suffering, and peace to thy
mind."

Relaxation.

NIGHT studies are very prejudicial to the constitution, and ought to be avoided by all who wish to prolong their lives, and to be useful in their day and generation. However fond of study, therefore, let the student pay some attention to health. It is said of Euripides, the dramatist, that he used to retire to a dark cavern to compose his tragedies; and of Demosthenes, the Grecian orator, that he chose a place for study where nothing could be heard or seen; but, with all deference to such venerable names, we cannot help condemning their taste. A man may surely think to as good purpose in an elegant apartment as in a cave, and may have as happy conceptions where the all-cheering rays of the sun render the air wholesome, as in places where they never enter.

Charles V. sometimes cultivated the plants in his garden with his own hands, and sometimes rode out in the neighborhood, and often relieved his mind by forming curious works of mechanism. Descartes spent the afternoon in the conversation of his friends, and in the cultivation of a small garden. After having, in the morning, settled the place of a planet, in the evening he would amuse himself with watering a flower. Barclay, in his leisure hours, was a florist. Balzac amused himself by making pastils. Rohault wandered from shop to shop, to observe the mechanics labor. Cardinal de Richelieu, amongst all his great occupations, found a recreation in violent exercises, such as jumping, &c. It is said of the laborious Mr. Poole, that his common rule was, while engaged in

writing his famous *Synopsis*, to rise about three or four o'clock in the morning, and continue his studies till the afternoon was pretty far advanced, when he went abroad, and spent the evening at some friend's house in cheerful conversation. —*Buck's Anecdotes.*



A Princess Royal.

THE present queen of England, Victoria, has several children, all of whom are small; yet the boys are princes, and the girls princesses. Here is one of them; and we may remark that, whatever great names we may give the child, she is still a child, and probably as fond of toys as if she were not born and bred in a palace. We hope, when she grows up to womanhood, that she may still be a woman, with the kind, tender sympathies proper to her sex. It is sad to think that those people who live in palaces sometimes forget that there are persons who are poor, and desolate, and unhappy, and who live as if none such were in the world. As it is the duty of all to seek

out the poor and miserable, and try to give them relief, so this kind of charity is one of the greatest of earthly pleasures. If being a princess prevents one from such duties and such enjoyments, surely it is no blessing to be a princess.

Morality of Animals.

“IT is curious,” says Jesse, “to witness the assistance which some animals afford to each other, under circumstances of difficulty and danger. I have observed it in several instances, and it shows a kindness of disposition which may well be imitated. It is not, however, confined to their own species, as the following fact will prove: A farmer’s boy had fed and taken great care of a colt. He was working, one day, in a field, when he was attacked by a bull. The boy ran to a ditch, and got into it just as the bull came up to him. The animal endeavored to gore him, and would probably have succeeded, had not the colt come to his assistance. He not only kicked at the bull, but made so loud a scream, (for it could be called nothing else,) that some laborers, who were working near the place, came to see what was the matter, and extricated the boy from the danger he was in.

“I have seen cattle, when flies have been troublesome, stand side by side, and close together, the tail of one to the head of the other. By this mutual arrangement, flies were brushed off from the head of each animal as well as their bodies, only two sides being thus exposed to the attacks of the insects. Sheep have

been known to take care of a lamb, when the dam has been rendered incapable of assisting it; and birds will feed the helpless young of others.

“Birds will cluster together for the purpose of keeping each other warm. I have observed swallows clustering like bees when they have swarmed, in cold, autumnal weather, hanging one upon another with their wings extended, under the eaves of a house. I have also heard of more than one instance of wrens being found huddled together in some snug retreat, for the purpose of reciprocating warmth and comfort.”

Excuses for not going to Church.

OVERSLEPT myself; could not dress in time; too cold — too hot — too windy — too dusty — too wet — too damp — too sunny; don’t feel disposed; no other time to myself; look over my drawers; put my papers to rights; letters to write; mean to take a walk; intend to take a ride; tied to business six days in a week; no fresh air but Sunday; can’t breathe in church; feel a little feverish, feel a little chilly; expect company to dinner; got a headache; intend nursing myself to-day; new bonnet not come home; got a new novel, must be returned on Monday morning; don’t like a liturgy, always praying for the same thing; don’t like extempore praying; don’t like an organ, ’tis too noisy; don’t like singing without music, makes me nervous; the spirit willing, but the flesh weak; dislike an extempore sermon, it is too frothy; can’t bear a written sermon, too prosing; nobody to-day but our minister, can’t al-

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ways listen to the same preacher ; don't like strangers ; can't keep awake at church. fell asleep last time I was there ; shan't risk it again.

Scotch Deacons.

IN the days of Baillie Nicol Jarvie's father, the office of deacon, in Scotland, was esteemed no mean distinction. Two worthy incumbents, who lived on the banks of the Ayr, happened to be invested with the above-mentioned dignity on the same day. The more youthful of the two flew home to tell his young wife the important news ; but not finding her, he ran out to the barn, where, meeting the cow, he could no longer contain his joy, but, in the fulness of his heart, clasped her round the neck, and, kissing her, exclaimed, "O crummie, crummie, ye're nae langer a common cow—ye're the deacon's cow !" The elder dignitary, being a sedate person, did not wish his wife to think that he was uplifted by this world's honors. As he thought, however, that it was too good a piece of news to allow her to remain any time ignorant of, he lifted the latch of his own door, and stretching his head inwards, "Nelly !" said he, in a voice that made Nelly all ears and eyes, "gif anybody comes spierin for *the deacon*, I'm just owre the gate, at John Samson's."

AFRICA is the native country of ferocious and noxious animals ; and they continue to flourish in the deserts and forests, after man has expelled them elsewhere.

* Jesuit's Bark.

THIS is a medicine of great value as a tonic and febrifuge. It would appear as if Nature was aware of the fact, and had generously determined that mankind should have the benefit of it ; for she is said to have twice revealed its properties in a curious and accidental way. A Peruvian Indian, in a delirious fever, having been left by his companions by the side of a pool as incurable, he naturally drank copious draughts of the water, which, having imbibed the properties of the bark, floating in large quantities upon it, speedily dispelled his fever. He returned and told his friends, who, being acute enough to detect something uncommon in the affair of the drinking, immediately sent all their sick to the place, and most of them were relieved. It was at first thought that the water was *holy* ; but the remarkable taste betrayed the secret, and some time afterwards the Jesuits brought the bark to Italy, where it attained a high repute. This is one of the accidental revelations of the value of the bark.

At Guayra, in Caraccas, it was used as a tonic ; but its anti-febrile powers were not known until discovered as oddly as in the first instance. M. Delpech, a French merchant, had stored up a large quantity of the fresh bark, in rooms that were hastily fitted up for the reception of strangers. One of these was dangerously ill with malignant fever ; but an improvement, to the surprise of all, took place immediately on his inhaling the cortical vapor, which was very strong, from the fermentation of the fresh and moist bark. He soon recovered, and other

persons, seized with the same disease, were placed in the same apartments, with similar results. By and by, it was discovered that to swallow a few grains of it was a much less expensive way of going to work than to inhale the vapor of some thousands of pounds; and so the bark came, at a second place, into use as a medicinal remedy.

PUNCTUALITY. — Luckless is the traveler, by land or water, who despises punctuality. He will have the mortification to see the steamboat just leaving the quay as he comes close up to it, or the coach turning the corner of the street, but beyond the reach of his voice. A minute earlier, and he would have been all right. How important, then, is a single minute!

Good-by to Winter.

THE WORDS AND MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Winter, winter, sad and dreary, You are getting old and weary;

So 'tis time for you and I To say Good - by!

Winter, winter, black and blowy —
Icy, sleety, rainy, snowy;
Spring is softly stealing nigh:
Good-by! Good-by!

Winter, winter, dark and cloudy —
Noisy, whistling, rough, and rowdy;
The south wind whispers, soft and sly,
Good-by! Good-by!

Winter, winter, pale and chill,
The snow-wreath fades on yonder hill
The birds are singing in the sky,
Good-by! Good-by!

Winter, winter, sad and dreary,
You are getting old and weary;
So 'tis time for you and I
To say Good by!